The Unknown SA Man:
A Good Comrade of Hitler's Soldiers!

2nd edition
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Frz. Eher Nachf., G.m.b.H., Munich

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In memory of the dead!
For the living to imitate!
A reminder for those to come!

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“The New Idea”

Forward

This book was born out of the spirit of the SA, and was written for every SA man.
Its authors see themselves merely as interpreters of a mindset and attitude that they believe will one day shape the face of Germany's future; they do not give their names because they believe that they have merely put into words what has long been common knowledge among those who love Germany, and nothing but Germany, and who are also prepared to die a bitter death for it if necessary.

The writers and illustrators of this book have waived all remuneration, and the net proceeds from “The Unknown SA Man” will go in full to emergency aid for SA members who have been driven from their jobs and bread in the struggle for Germany's resurrection, or who have suffered wounds and infirmity in the process; it will benefit the relatives of these brave stormtroopers, who silently made the ultimate sacrifice of their lives for the future of Germany.

Our Future!

You cannot bind us!
Prohibition cannot restrain the spirit,
We are the youth, and we are the force.
We are the future - victory is ours!

You cannot bind us!
The flame burns bright!
The great ones of the nation have awakened us,
And history has placed us at the forefront.

You cannot bind us!
The morning dawns,
The day of freedom burns in its glow.
We march into the fight, singing for freedom!

The chains break,
The people raise their fists.
The twin shackles that binded us
Melt away in the passion of the deed!

Indignation grows!
The circle is closing.
The ranks are thickening, the signs point to a storm.
The banner flies, and the day of action is ripe!

Work

Key Words

Everything is what you make of it - even yourself.

Turning socialism into a matter of organized cowardice is the gravest sin of the “saviors of the republic”.

“Everything that bears a human face is equal” - only stupid people say that, or those who pretend to be stupid - the former because they believe it, the latter because they profit from it.

Nature itself is anti-democratic; in the entire universe, it does not make two living beings equal.

Nature is the eternal, infallible teacher of life - you cannot outsmart it. Sometimes it puts up with it for a while, just for fun, but then it takes revenge with even more cruel punishments.

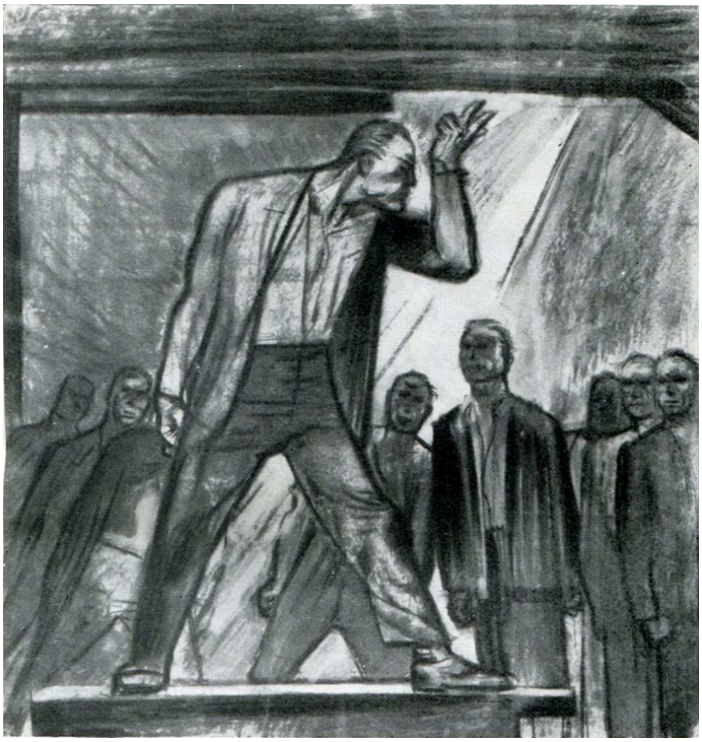
Its forms may change, but its content does not.

Artists and People

He is the poppy, and the others are the ears;
They bring bread, and he brings beauty's reward.
That body and soul may be nourished equally,
The poppy glows brightly and the grain ripens!

Let there be no strife or envy between them,
For it was the same soil that bore them.
And the ultimate meaning of their lives is to serve,
Voluntarily, until the hour of the sickle strikes.

German art and German labor join
hands on hard-fought soil.
A rustling passes through the sacred oaks:
the spirit of the fathers blesses their union!



“Call to Action”

Christ the Agitator

We stand at machines and engines.
We are the heralds of a new era.
And God's word, which you have lost so completely,
Resounds like thunder in our ears:
Eternity speaks to us in a new tongue!

No god is born in Bethlehem anymore!
Today he wears a locksmith's blue dress,
But in the evening he stands outside the gates
And cries:
“Come to me! I have sworn allegiance to you!
I will be the leader who will set you free!”

The First Gateway

I climb into the cage. I fall, I plummet—in the blink of an eye, I'm standing on solid ground. There is still light around me.
The small miner's lamp hangs from my chest.
I crawl through narrow, dark passages - it feels like it lasts for days, months, years.
On and on! On and on! Through narrow holes, head first - like a cat.
The path never ends.
My breath stops - the air is oppressively hot.
Sweat on my forehead - I don't have time to wipe it away.
My hands are burning - they're already starting to hurt.
This is only the beginning.
On and on!
A foreman is assigned to me. He crawls in front of me - how naturally he does it!
Sometimes he calls something back, but I don't understand him - you can't hear your own words, much less his.
There's a roaring and whistling in my ears.
I hear knocking like a thousand hammers. There's noise and shouting all around me - I feel like I'm losing my mind.
This is madness!
My eyes hurt, and I can't see anything anymore. Dust covers my face.
I crawl on.
Finally, we reach our destination.
The foreman teaches me the difficult art - one hour, two hours.
Then I am alone - now I begin to pound.
The chunks of coal fly down.
When I think about it, it seems as if days have already passed.
I look at my watch.
Only three hours since I went down!
I am infinitely tired.
My arms feel dead, my hands are bleeding.
Back to work! I can't get away from it - it holds me like a demon.
I strike and strike. I strike my hands - unbearable pain!
Blood runs around my thumb and index finger. I hold them in my mouth, and they burn like fire.
Strike! Strike! The work whips me on - I am its servant, its slave, its dog!
I won't be able to stop until I collapse.
An urge to scream overwhelms me.
I feel like I'm crying out, roaring like a hungry animal.
Fire spits from the stones. I strike flames! I strike light!
I am no longer human - I am a titan, a god!
The foreman kneels beside me, and he holds my arm:
“They're all like that, the young people who come to us from the universities - the first day in the pit is like a rush. It wears off. Half an hour lunch break. You have to eat something.”
He calls me “you" - I want to hug him.

Yes, you are my brother. We are all brothers down here.
Don't be angry with me, don't hate me! I am one of you.
He gives me schnapps to drink, and I greedily drink two or three glasses - it burns my throat like fire.
I can't eat anything - bread disgusts me.
My throat is parched - back to work!
I hammer for what seems like an eternity. The hours pass slowly and sluggishly.
I am so tired - I long for the end of the shift.
Finally! Finally!
Long-awaited! Long-awaited!
Up! Up!
The sun is still shining above - it is broad daylight.
The night is over, and day is approaching!
Never have I greeted the day so fervently.
I am covered in dirt - my hands are black and covered in blood.
My fingers are stuck together - my hair hangs messily over my forehead.
I am tired to death. All my limbs ache.
To the bathroom! Wash away the dirt and blood!
A human being! A human being again!
“See you tomorrow!” the foreman calls to me.
I take his hand.
I want to kiss it - how dear this hand is to me, this working hand!
I watch him for a long time.
Then, I stagger out, as if drunk.
Through the sunshine!
Out here, everything is as if nothing had happened - just like yesterday!
The chimneys are smoking. Steam, smoke, soot, flames against the sky! Screaming, hissing, noise, work!
Singing in the air.
The song of work!
I look for green, but I find nothing.
A tree, a bush, a flower.
Nothing! Everything is gray! Short, as if shaved.
Only the towers, the chimneys, the masts, the smokestacks stretch upward.
I walk on, stumble on.
Faster, faster and faster!
I start to run; I sprint, I chase, I fly like the wind. I race through the streets, out of the city.
Out! Out! Into the fields!
Towers, chimneys, masts, flues everywhere!
Gray on gray, and sunshine above.
Bright sunshine!
Am I crazy? Am I dreaming?
Has the world ended?
Are there no more humans? Only animals, black animals? Devils, coal black devils?
Am I myself an animal, a black animal, a devil, a coal devil?
I feel as if I am being whipped by demons.

There is someone inside me watching me, another, a second person.
Relentless. Sharp. Critical.
The tempter!
Now I've got you, you damned dog!
You beast! You devil! You Satan!
Come here, I want to grab you! I want to grab you by the throat!
You won't get me down! Never! Never!
Let's see who's stronger.
I laugh. I scream.
People come towards me, look at me questioningly, grin, talk, point at me.
I keep running.
Further! Further!
To the end of the world!
I wrestle with him - he is as agile as a cat.
But I am stronger.
Now I grab him by the throat.
I throw him to the ground.
There he lies!
Gasping, his eyes bloodshot.
Die, you carrion!
I kick him in the head.
And now I am free!
The last tempter knocked to the ground.
The poison is out.
I am free!
I am staying! I am staying!!
I want to redeem myself, redeem myself, by my own strength.
I want to show a way, break new ground, be an example.
I throw myself on the ground and kiss the earth, this hard, brown earth.
German earth!
Late in the evening I come home, and fall onto my bed as if dead.

The Brown Shirt is Our Uniform of Honor

The brown shirt is our uniform of honor,
The garment we wear with sacred pride
In times of deep distress, in times of great German suffering,
And all the more so in future days of freedom!

The miner wears it in his dark mineshaft,
The farmer, brightly lit by the sunlight;
The working student, who stays up late working,
And thousands more amid the roar of the machines.

The brown shirt is our uniform of honor
In the fight against all who harm our homeland—
An earth-colored symbol of German unity,
Uniting us as loyal comrades!

You Too!

Be a bearer of this German deed,
Which is greater than anything that has ever been!
Be this cause, which is as wonderful
As ourselves, soldier!

Your hand, too, is consecrated to the sacred!
Kill the fool and the frills within you
And then say to the people and the fatherland:
I am ready!

“We Fight For This!”

Revelation

Before Our Eyes

It was like dawn before our eyes
When the news of our duty came to us,
Our hot hearts began to pound...
And suddenly we stood in the brilliant light!

Far away now was the dim gate of childhood.
Drums boomed and banners shone,
Battles for the street and the given commands...
The eyes staring at the gray sky.

Even if courage is surrounded by a thousand coffins,
We will die as they did,
The heroes who were already heroes at eighteen.
And call it: the celebration of our front!

Bridge to the Future

The mothers who gave birth to us in pain
Still rested in a safe world.
But we lost our solid earth—
And God placed us in chaos.

We can no longer look back with faith
And yet we are too strong to deny it.
We bear the heavy burden of future destinies,
Which today still slumber, silent and mute.

With our bodies we fill the gap
That dark abyss, horrible and deep
Thus we build a bridge to a new era,
And across it roars the bright energy of youth.

This realization casts a transfigured radiance upon our gestures of distress
That our children and children's children
Will walk triumphantly over roses,
Where today there are nothing but bloody thorns!

Key Words

What does socialism have to do with the republic? There are socialist monarchies and capitalist republics. To be a socialist means to subordinate the self to the collective, to sacrifice one's personality to the whole. Socialism is, in the deepest sense, service - a renunciation for the individual, and a demand for the whole.

Frederick the Great was a socialist on the royal throne:

“I am the first servant of the state"

- a royal yet also socialist statement!

The soldiers came home from the Great War and carried the will for a new state on their rifles - but beyond the borders, profiteers had already glued together a new hybrid from the shards of the old empire. The warriors planted their bayonets in front of it for protection.

That we lost the war is not the worst thing; however, that we allowed ourselves to be cheated out of the revolution is almost unbearable.

The Street Resounds with the Iron Tread

The street resounds with the iron tread
Of marching columns.
The echo shakes dully: Come along
In the same step
Through the night to the light of the sun!

Intoxicated by this harsh war,
I have often marched along.
I have listened to the flag billowing in the wind,
As if I heard the waves crashing.

That is what makes us men:
Weaving ourselves into the whole...
Being a storm bridge to a new era,
Ready for victory,
Ready to give our all!

“Iron Cohorts of the German Revolution”

Awakening

I walk as if through a foreign city, carried along by a stream of people, not knowing where they come from or where they are going - I think of nothing, walking on and on, toward a destination I do not know.
I sit in a hall I have never been in before, surrounded by people who are strangers to me. Poor, haggard people - workers, soldiers, officers, students - this is the German people after the war. You see old, tattered uniforms; the signs of the great war pinned on the tunics, dirty and torn. I watch all this as if in a dream.
I hardly notice how suddenly someone stands up and begins to speak, hesitant and shy at first, as if he is searching for words for things that are too big to be squeezed into narrow forms. Then, suddenly, the flow of speech begins to unleash itself - I am captivated, I listen. The man up there gains momentum. A light shines above him.
Honor? Work? A flag? What am I hearing? Do these things still exist in this people from whom God has withdrawn His blessing hand?
The people begin to gleam; rays of hope shine on their tattered, gray faces. One man stands up and raises his clenched fist; the gray collar of the man next to him becomes too tight. Sweat beads on his forehead; he wipes it away with his sleeve.
In the second seat to my left sits an old officer, crying like a child.
I feel hot and cold.
I don't know what's happening to me - suddenly, it's as if I hear cannons booming. As if through a fog, I see a few soldiers suddenly stand up and shout “Hurrah!” - no one takes notice.
The one up there is speaking - he rolls stone upon stone to build a cathedral of the future. What has lived within me for years is taking shape here and becoming tangible.
Revelation! Revelation!
In the middle of the rubble, someone stands and raises a flag.
Suddenly, there are no strangers sitting around me anymore - now, they are all brothers. The one there, gray and tattered, in an open soldier's coat, smiles at me. Comrade! he says quite spontaneously.
I feel as if I must jump up and shout:
“We are all comrades - we must stand together.”
I can hardly contain myself.
I walk, no, I am propelled to the podium - I stand there for a long time and look at this man's face.
He is not an orator - he is a prophet!
Sweat pours from his forehead; two glowing eyes blaze from his gray, pale face; his fists are clenched.
Like the Last Judgment, word after word and sentence after sentence thunder forth.
I no longer know what I am doing.
I am beside myself.
I shout “Hurrah!” - no one is surprised.
The one up there looks at me for a moment - those blue eyes strike me like rays of flame. It is a command!
And from that moment on, I am reborn.
It falls away from me like cinders.
I know where my path is leading - the path of maturity.
Now I hear nothing more, for I am intoxicated.
Suddenly I am standing tall - on a chair I stand above these people and shout: “Comrades! Freedom!”

I cannot say what happened after that; I only remember that I placed my hand in a man's thumping hand - that was a vow for life. And my eyes sank into two big, blue stars.

Hitler

You are many thousands behind me,
And you are me, and I am you.

I have not lived a single thought
That has not trembled in your hearts.

And when I form words, I know of none
That are not one with your will.

For I am you, and you are me,
And we all believe in you, Germany!

The Unknown SA Man

I am writing to you, SA men - let it be said to everyone in the country:

We have endured heavy fighting; there are some among us who can no longer remove the white bandages from their heads - a silent, heroic bloodletting has taken hold in our ranks, yet our eyes have never shone so brightly and warmly.

This morning, a seriously injured man was discharged from the hospital; before being transported home, he climbed the stairs to the office - now he is entering at least a year, if not forever, of infirmity. His parting words were: “See you tomorrow!”
In our office there is a large laurel wreath with a red ribbon. On it is written simply, and in large letters:

“To you, dead comrade!
National Socialist German Workers' Party:
Woe to those who love their people!”

On Sunday, it will adorn a fresh grave.

This is the atmosphere we now live in day after day; it is no coincidence that we are becoming more closely chained together than usual. Where blood flows, envy and discord find closed doors. That is how it is with us - hardship and blood bind us together. We can no longer separate from each other because we depend on each other. We have become a community of action - so it shall remain.
You know that we have never worshipped the masses, only the individual; you can testify that we have never flattered the wishes of our followers, but have always and only demanded duties and placed sacrifices on your shoulders. We believed that a people can only be freed from boundless slavery if they themselves overcome slavery within themselves, and pave the way to that inner freedom which is a prerequisite for outer freedom - in overcoming the devil lies the last barrier to God that must be conquered!
As long as man clings to this life, he is not free!

That is why you are great, and this is why you are apostles for the freedom of others, because you detach yourselves from what keeps others attached to Mammon, intoxication, lust, and life. You shall be conquerors of that which presses others to the ground - you shall face life as conquerors, not as defenders.

" So far from fear,
So close to death!
Hail to you, SA!"

That is written on your banners.

You have made good on your word that where ideas are not enough and terror is used against the bearers of ideas, fists must help. For this you received the most beautiful reward: to be spat on and defiled by the press.

Be proud of it! Never forget that a rag that praises every Frenchman, every Russian, even every Jew, as long as he takes an active part in the destruction of Germany, must necessarily denounce as scum and criminals those who stand in the way of its diabolical endeavors, and fight with the utmost passion for their country and their people.
Take comfort: where you are called bandits, we are called chief bandits; has it not always been the case that the fool behind the bars of the insane asylum called the idiots outside idiots, and the pimp behind bars called those who were free criminals?
Comrades, be proud! We are the bandits of the "Red Flag"! No praise could be more glorious than that which comes from the mouth of our enemy!

They say that the struggle we waged was not very decent, that it resembled communist methods, that it lacked intellectual substance, and other such empty phrases - we refuse to be decent in a country where decency is the prerogative of the grabbers, and hunger is the prerogative of the doers. We determine the methods by which we fight ourselves; we are grateful for good advice, and we have never claimed that our struggle has intellectual merit - we gladly leave this "intellectual merit" to the cheerleaders and pretentious philosophers.
We do not need advice. We want action!
For us, even today, struggle is still the father of all things.

This is where it begins: behind the red front, we see and know, stands the enemy of the world; cleverly concealed, he pits Germans against Germans, and slowly, drop by drop, an entire people is bleeding to death - no one bears this more heavily than we do.
But that is no reason to leave things as they are - we must hoist the enemy of the world; let him rant, whine, whimper, and scream, let him rant and spit, be sweet and unruly; we must have him! If there is no other way, then through the ranks of our blood brothers: out with the enemy!
He already senses this; he knows that we are the only ones who, averse to sentimentality, will go all the way. No one can fool us; we no longer fall for the deception of veiled fronts.
Whoever is not for us is against us!

We are unconditional until the end; that is why we have an unshakeable belief in our future, and why we have the necessity to stand up for this belief with all our might. We reject the insinuation that we are fighting for our idea out of belligerence and misguided activism; the past has shown everyone who is willing to see that we are defending our bare, naked lives. If we let up now, they will beat us down one by one like dogs in the street.
Therefore, be strong! Therefore, close your ranks! Therefore, believe all the more deeply in your mission, the heavier and more gigantic it looms before your fists and foreheads. This state is perishing from monotony; therefore, create a hierarchy in your ranks based on sacrifice and achievement.
Democracy, as we all know, is coming to an end.

Arise, you young aristocrats of a new working class! You are the nobility of the Third Reich! What you sow with your blood will rise as a glorious harvest! Clench your fists! Strain your brows! Perform and work - the struggle will be decisive for the new aristocracy! Smash the equality of democracy, which blocks the path of the young working class to historical perfection; democracy is suicide for the brow and the fist. Protest against equality! Fight against being put on the same level as every idiot! Once all

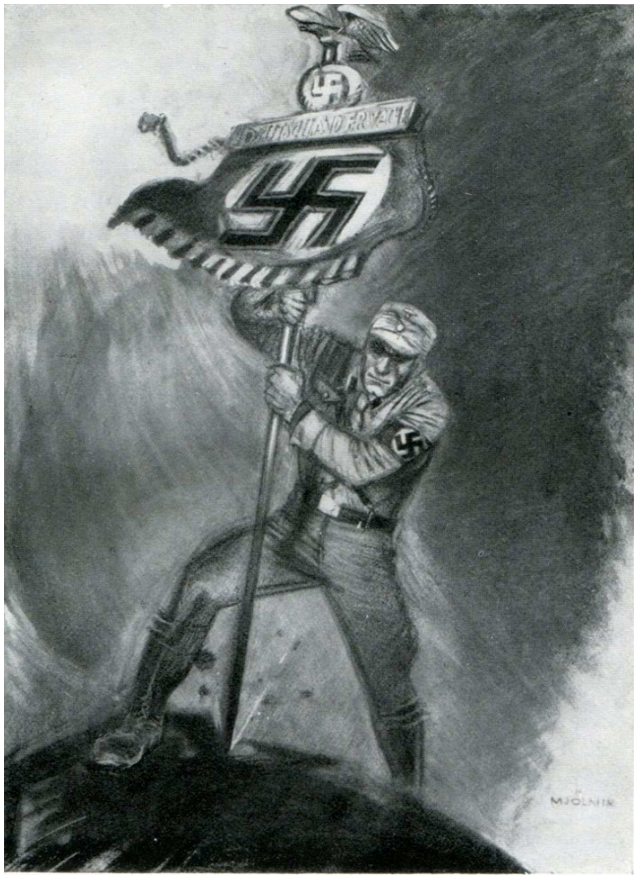
Germans stand in line, thirty million idiots, then the eternal kingdom of Ahasver[1] will have dawned. Stop beating around the bush! Declare outright: we are anti-democratic because we feel within ourselves the nobility of a new future. Don't let yourselves be treated like lazybones and cowards—that and nothing else is what democracy means—but beg for more duties - you take them on voluntarily, and you will earn more freedoms.
Work requires leadership! Performance is nobility!
Let that be the motto of the new aristocracy of the fist and the brow.

Today we are still few in number, and today we are ruled by the spirit we hate and reject - today, the nobility of money triumphs over the emerging nobility of labor. That is why you are struck by the rubber truncheons of a soldiery gone wild, and you have no way of asserting your rights other than to appeal to your own passion, which will one day shape the future.
Sacrifice! Sacrifice shapes the young aristocrat!
Maintain discipline - it turns even a few into a battalion!
Be fanatics! If we are right—and we believe this with the unbreakable certainty of blood—then everyone else is wrong.

Raise your necks! Lift your proud heads and listen:
Out there in the blood-soaked trenches, a young generation sacrificed itself for the future - two million of our own nameless people fell and died.
The unknown soldier is their silent memorial.
Every day, millions in the country go to hard work, without joy and without pain, obeying only a somber law of duty - sacrifice, unconscious and unspoken, for a new Reich!
Adolf Hitler once gave symbolic expression to this:

The unknown worker!
In a proletarian neighborhood, the same thing happened that we saw and witnessed dozens of times: struggle, sacrifice, blood, and terror. Six of you lay in their wounds while I spoke of the coming Reich; one after another, they were carried out, and in stoic emotion, men and women stood and remained silent before the spilled blood of martyrs.
One shouted out and cried out; outside, we shook his hand once more.
I did not know him - a narrow, pale, hard worker's face, with two shining eyes, now overshadowed by the pain of the gaping wound on his forehead.
It happened in an instant, without sentimentality; it was both a farewell and a vow. Then a white cloth was placed over this face again, and a stretcher swayed down the stairs.
I went back into the hall and continued speaking.
That face remained before me - at the end, in breathless silence, I spoke the words about the unknown SA man.
I was referring to that aristocrat of the Third Reich who does his duty day after day, obeying a law he does not know and hardly understands. He may one day, somewhere, have his skull smashed in because he is tall, because he stands above the mob and leads his people forward; nevertheless quietly, chastely, tall and brave, he does his duty for an awaited Reich.
We stand before him in awe and take off our caps.

[1] Another name for “the Wandering Jew” of folklore.

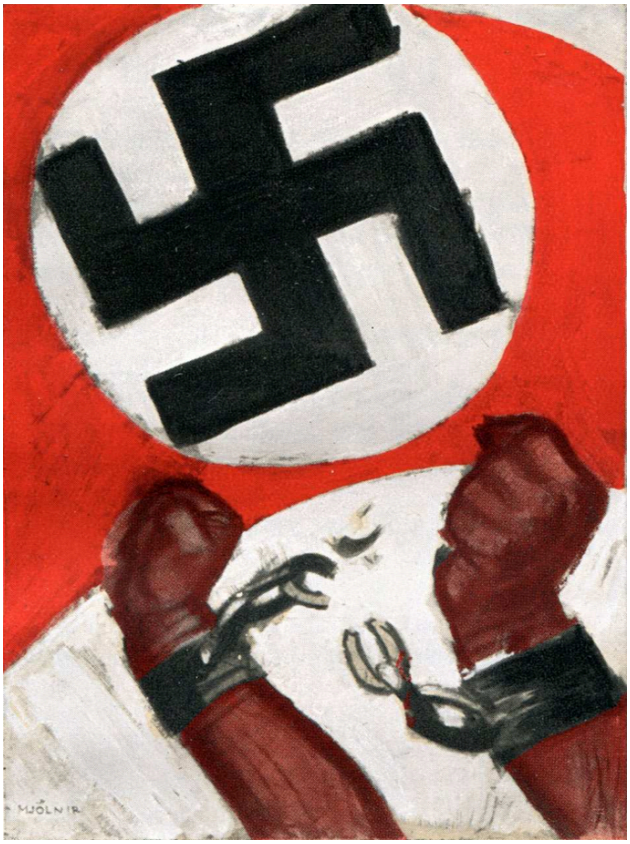


“The Banner Stands!”

The Others

In your minds, the world is painted in bright colors
With vivid hues, laughter, lust, and pageantry,
But fate's heavy hand bears upon us
And weighs much on our youthful shoulders.

So we march toward freedom and power,
While you spin around in a sultry dance:
When your names have long since been blown away by the wind,
Our star will still shine in the farthest night.



“In hoc signo…”

“We Break the Chains, We Set Ourselves Free!”

“We break the chains, we set ourselves free!” -
Was spoken at the heroes' tomb,
The words flared up like a flickering beam;
We carry them in our hearts as a shining grail,
Until the shackles of servitude are broken.

“We break the chains, we set ourselves free!” -
We raise our arms to the Führer.
We are the soldiers of the coming age;
We are ready, like the dead of Flanders,
For the last fanfare alarm.

“We break the chains, we set ourselves free!” -
A day of vengeance dawns upon us...
We greet the living light of the future;
We hammer it into our minds and hearts:
Germany, bearer of shame, awaken!

It Was Honor

It was not in the old German army:
This glimmer of saddlecloths and shabbrunks -
It was honor.

Nor was it the gleam of the rifles
for which millions sank into the grave -
It was honor.

But this people does not understand its lesson!
Was it the weapon that threw it away in a drunken stupor? No -
It was honor.

Struggle

“Germany, Awake!”

Raise the Flag!

Raise the flag! Close the ranks!
The SA marches with a bold and steady step,
Comrades, shot by the Red Front and reactionaries,
March with us in spirit in our ranks.

Clear the streets for the brown battalions,
Clear the streets for the storm troops!
Millions already look to the swastika with hope.
The day of freedom and bread is dawning!

The roll call is being sounded for the last time!
We are all ready for battle!
Soon Hitler flags will fly over all streets,
Our bondage will soon be over!

Raise the flag! Close the ranks!
The SA marches with a bold and steady step,
Comrades, shot by the Red Front and reactionaries,
March in spirit in our ranks.

Key Words

War is the simplest form of affirmation of life.

A mother risks her life to give birth to a child; even in the moment before death, the last will of an old man rears up and cries out: I don't want to die! There is struggle when a person enters this world, and there is struggle when they leave it - in between lies an eternal war for a place at the feeding trough.

I only become aware of the deepest happiness of a possession when I have to defend it again and again against its envious detractors - one only values what one conquers or defends.

Even peace must be fought for, not with palm fronds, but with swords.

‘One must howl with the wolves’ - must one? For our part, we do not intend to do so.

“Invulnerable, Unstoppable”

Three Graves

Why do the northern waves roar so heavily?
Why do the winds moan and lament?
In Heide—there they dug grave after grave today,
And lowered three German heroes into them—
Three fighters from the brown swastika army,
Slaughtered by Moscow's murderers.

The drum boomed dully; for the last time
The faithful salute was raised!
And when the song
“I had a comrade” rang out from sobbing throats -
It was as if, in burning agony,
A cry awakened the dead...

Three graves in the heath... Thunder rumbles in the distance from the beach;
The clouds gather for a storm:
Sieg Heil to the day when it will sweep through everything!
Fly, Hitler flag, in a firm fist!
You brothers from the northern shores,
You did not fall in vain!

The Holy Cloth

Forty German proletarians from Berlin, who can find neither work nor bread in the Dawes Reich, set off for Nuremberg one July day, their knapsacks packed with leaflets, newspapers, and books. Every day, whether it rains or the sun beats down, they march 25 kilometers; when they arrive at their quarters in the evening, they have neither rest nor peace until late into the night as they preach their political beliefs. In the big cities, they are spat on and beaten down.
It doesn't matter! They persevere. They arrive in Nuremberg ahead of schedule.

From a Berlin local group banned by the high police in the interests of ‘peace and order’, 700 working men and women gather to make their way to Nuremberg; they save their bread for months, give up beer and tobacco, and some literally starve themselves to scrape together the fare. They lose two days' wages, and the price of the special train alone is 25 marks - some of these 700 earn 20 marks a week.
He scrapes together his fare, and on Saturday morning, his heart pounding, he climbs out of the train cars that have rolled from Berlin to Nuremberg, along with the others.
A torch costs half a mark, and some of these seven hundred often have to get by on half a mark a day - but they must have a torch, for this light is also meant to burn for them as a symbol of the flame of freedom, warming their hearts. In the evening, he marches past the Führer with tens of thousands of others, raising his burning torch high and saluting. The poor, heavy eyes that have seen so much hardship, so much misery—and how much more will they have to see before they close for the last time—suddenly begin to shine. He does not know whether he can believe that all this is true - at home, he was spat on and jeered at, beaten with clubs and thrown into prison. And now thousands upon thousands of people are standing at the sides of the streets, greeting him and shouting “Heil!”

A deep blue sky arches over the old imperial city - the air is clear as glass, and the sun shines as if it had never seen such a day.
Fanfares blare; the procession begins to march. Endless, endless! One could almost believe that it would go on forever. Black walls of people wait along the streets, and no one shouts “boo” - God forbid! They all wave and laugh and cheer as if tens of thousands were returning from a victorious battle; they throw flowers, flowers.
The seven hundred march at the front; because they fought the hardest battle for a year, they are now showered with flowers. They stick them in their belts, more and more! Their caps are soon nothing but bouquets of flowers, and the girls wave and laugh at them - but at home, they are spat on.
And now they march past the Führer. Thousands, tens of thousands shout “Heil!” They can hardly hear themselves; they tear the flowers from their belts and throw them to the cheering people.
March past! Their legs fly as the music blares out the parade march of the tall men.
Then evening comes. Tired and heavy; it starts to rain. One last cheer: Goodbye! The train chugs out of Nuremberg.

Before Berlin! Dawn is breaking. Get out! Flashing bayonets. The rubber truncheon waves. Malicious, envious, mean. Berlin police. Get out! People rub their eyes. Yes, of course; the flowers were just a dream.
Comrade, the flag! Tear down the cloth, open your shirt! You, make sure they don't see anything. Put the dear red cloth around your chest; there it rests well on your beating heart.

“What do you have under your shirt? Open it!”
The blond boy turns pale. A dirty hand quickly tears open the brown shirt, and then the boy begins to glow. He rages, he scratches, he spits and drools. Eight men are needed to overpower him. The sacred cloth is torn from his chest in shreds.
I ask you: is this a heroic deed? You, blond boy, if tears come to your eyes, swallow them down - do not cry before these knights of sad countenance.
And suddenly he stands up and begins to sing; the man next to him joins in, and then more and more, until finally all of them are singing. Is this a transport of prisoners? Is it not rather a procession of heroes? ‘Germany, Germany above all!’

As they stand in the great hall as prisoners, they are called before the judge one by one. Each of them opens his eyes wide in defiance and says firmly and unwaveringly: “I refuse to give any information.”
From outside, the singing of their comrades breaks in:
“Freedom is not yet lost!”
You brave boys! With you we march against the devil. Tie the flags around your hearts, all of you, all of you! The sacred cloth rests in good keeping - I know it will shine again one day! Comrades! Comrades!”

Through Deeds

You shall blaze!
Not like ascetics
who profess their faith
in prayers.

No! Like soldiers
who live their prayers
deep in the trenches
through their deeds!

Heroes

The phone rings at night - I wake up half asleep and reach for the receiver, almost mechanically. A call is coming from somewhere in the city, from a private apartment, a phone booth, a café, or a bar: "We just had to fend off a serious attack from Rotfront, and three SA men are seriously wounded - one has a punctured lung, and another a gunshot wound to the stomach." The conversation proceeds in telegram style; in seconds, the whole situation is outlined, orders given, advice offered, rules of conduct laid down. Then, resignedly, the receiver is placed back on the hook - this time, the night's rest is over.

One evening, I arrive late at the office - there is nervous unrest downstairs, and a teenage boy rushes past me, followed by two or three burly guys who stand in front of me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world: SA men! I recognize them immediately by their faces and their salute, as they tell me what happened: a comrade of ours has just been beaten up in the communist quarter; he had got into serious trouble because of a red thug. The comrade is sitting upstairs in the kitchen, where his fellows are washing his wounds until the doctor arrives - five head wounds, with red blood trickling down his neck in thick streaks; his brown shirt is folded down, stiff with blood. The injured man is a small worker who gratefully and modestly refuses all help and concern from his comrades; it doesn't take him much effort; no one makes a big deal; they are all workers standing around him. Some of them have been marching in our ranks for three years now, becoming strong and tough in the fight for a German Berlin. Blood has become an everyday occurrence here, and each of them bears their scars - they probably think that's the way it has to be.

Sometimes on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, they steal away for a few hours and drive to the hospitals - there, their eyes light up. In Norbert Hospital, there is a man with a serious head wound; he has not been with us long, but now he is considered a full citizen among his comrades. Standing around his bed are his young wife and half a dozen SA men, who have brought him flowers and fruit.

There is a tone of harsh male camaraderie here; they address each other informally, but without any embarrassing undertones - they are all brothers, like soldiers at war. I am always happy when I am at home in such a circle and can join in the conversation.

The SA man is the ever-renewing force of the movement - only those who stand in the midst of this male alliance remain alive in the movement.

As I say goodbye, the seriously injured man waves me aside: “You're surely going to Neukölln for the march next Sunday; I can't participate yet, but the doctor will allow me to get up. Would you take me with you in your car?” It sounds very genuine, and in these quiet words, it is as if a bright, resounding fanfare is trembling underneath.

In Schöneberg, I visit a man whose arm has been pierced three times by the red mob; he is already well again. The whole family is National Socialist: the mother, three sons, one a worker, one an apprentice, and one a tram conductor - "Mercenaries of capital!", say the fat Jews of the Red Front.

In the hospital in Friedrichshain, there is a man there with a serious stomach wound; he was in critical condition for six days - now, the crisis has been overcome. We search for him for a long time in a large hospital ward and find him in the middle of a group of comrades - it is Saturday afternoon, and they have just come from work. They have bought him flowers with their meager pennies. He is not allowed to eat anything yet.

These men are giving flowers to a seriously wounded comrade - they are not the sons of citizens, but are all workers, tough, stern, with thick fists and the hearts of children - the struggle for an ideal does not make them cruel, but kind.

His mother is standing there - a working-class woman from the people. She tells of the terrible night when she was brought to the bedside of her wounded son - mothers always bear the heaviest burden.
What does he want? Books! Programmatic writings of the movement. The man lying there, surrounded by his comrades and modest bouquets of asters, is not a student or a bourgeois son, but a simple worker, one who would never stand out in a row if a red scoundrel hadn't shot him in the gut.
That's how they are! Not all of them, but many, many! Hundreds and thousands!
Heroes of courage and devotion; they have nothing more to lose than the little life they have, but they use it doggedly and defiantly.
"What do we all do for these brave soldiers?" - let's ask ourselves that question every day and every hour.
And work! Work!

Before the Feldherrnhalle

Pigeons flutter in front of the Feldherrnhalle,
Fed by the cheerful crowd of children;
Life rushes by with a loud roar
In the square that witnessed bloody sacrifice.

Only you, my comrade in brown attire,
Stand pensively—surrounded by jokes and games—
And think in sorrow and bitter grief
Of the men that fell here for Germany's future.

It falls on your heart like the shadows of cypress trees,
Like the dull melody of a funeral march...
Let the fleeting people forget the sixteen -
But you, comrade, never forget the heroes!

The Storming of the Guardhouse

The French occupied the factory buildings, and any gathering on the street was prohibited; nevertheless, the masses of workers stood tightly packed opposite the soldiers, face to face in stony silence - it was as if a secret tremor was running through the walls of people. Everyone felt that a decision had to be made - it must be made! Indignation ran through the ranks, and there was no stopping it now. Fists clenched, lips pressed together, we stood and waited. For what? Even we didn't know. For a miracle? For a turn of events! We were desperate - they had taken everything from us, not only our bread, but also our work. We had nothing left to lose but this life of famine - so be it.

Suddenly, a command was given on the French side. Guns cracked in front - I saw a young soldier trembling like a beaten child. A whistling word flew through the air. It struck hard, with a bang. The soldiers aimed their guns. We stood silently and desperately in this wall.

A shot rings out, then another; a booming volley hisses overhead. At the front of the first row, a cluster of people collapses. Angry cries rise up, mixed with the moans of the wounded; a screaming outburst of hatred arises from the ranks.

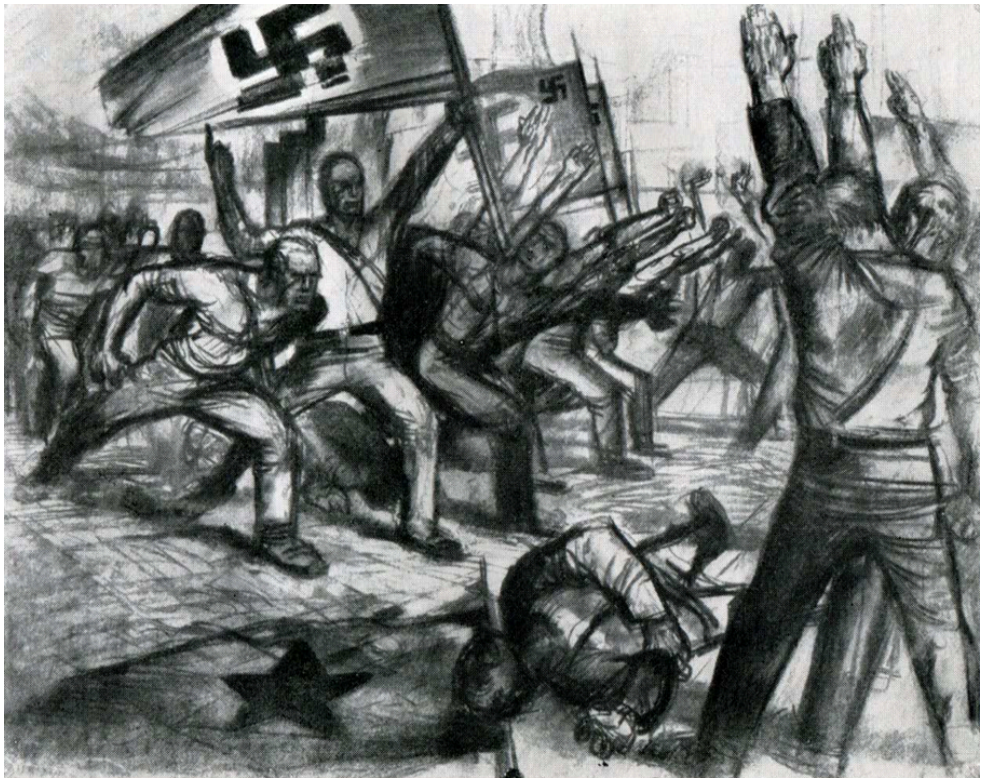
Guns! someone shouted. Guns! the cry rang out to the back rows. I don't remember how it happened; suddenly we were armed - it was as if the guns had fallen from the sky. Someone pressed a firearm into my hand. 'Here, comrade, cartridges! Shoot well!' And now the battle began - I load, aim, shoot, load, aim, shoot. Like in war - it feels to me as if it were war again.

It is war, after all - only now I know what I am fighting for.

We storm the guard buildings and overtake them; we beat them with the butts of our rifles. Humanity? We become bloodthirsty like animals. Kill them! Kill them! At first, I still feel a twinge of guilt - you're murdering your brother. No, I shout - brother or no brother, he's taking our bread - a child cries inside me, a starving child.

In a few minutes, our prisoners are free; they immediately line up and shoot like us, without saying a word. One takes a gray cloth and ties it around his rifle barrel - that is our flag, the flag of German despair. Forward!

We fall into step and march - thousands upon thousands! With hatred in our eyes, vengeance in our fists, and no sorrow on our lips, only a cry of rage: Retribution!



“The Day is Coming!”

To the Soldiers of the Great War

They suffered more than words can say -
They endured hunger, cold, and wounds
in silence.
Only to be found somewhere:
Buried, shot, or beaten to death.

Raise your hands in salute to these dead!
Who fell so far from their homeland,
The towers of their loyalty rise
Above us all, all
In the midst of their country.

The War

I put on my helmet, draw my sword, and recite Liliencron[2].
Sometimes I get these urges:
Be a soldier! Stand guard!
You always have to be a soldier -
A soldier in the service of his people's revolution.
Then I think with a shudder of fire and devastation - I see the ruins of houses and villages smoldering in the evening light; I see columns of fire rise, and the noise and thunder of battle.
I see empty eyes and hear the pain-filled moans of dying people.
My hands are black with gunpowder smoke, my coat is red with blood - no, war is not beautiful.
I hear loud commands, shouts of hurrah.
I shout along with them: "Hurrah, hurrah!"
I am no longer human - a wild rage now overtakes me - I smell blood.
I shout: “Forward! Forward!” I want to be a hero.
I tear my heart apart - what is the heart worth? I throw myself into the rain of fire.
I am a hero, a god, a savior.
I am bleeding; my arm hangs limply down.
I have been hit.
I am growing weak - I am sinking.
I am losing consciousness.
I wake up from a deep sleep - I am lying alone in a wide, endless field.
The battle is over.
In the distance, cannons are still booming.
The sky is high and dotted with lights; there is a fiery red glow in the distance.
I am shaken and agitated to the depths of my soul.
I hardly feel my wound.
I am speechless before the magnitude of this experience.
This is war!
War! Life and death!
Cruel like everything that is alive. I did not make it this way - I only note that it is so.
And I think to myself, that the highest of all beings may well have had its reasons when it arranged everything this way, and not differently.
Eternal peace is a dream—that is enough for politics. The soldier may add: and not even a beautiful one.
All of life is war - the first act of culture was when man forged the plow and the sword, the plow for peace, the sword for war.
Just as there can be no day without night, there can be no peace without war - one determines the other.
War and plow, sword and plow - these are concepts that belong together like man and woman.
The farmer puts the plow into the soil, and grain becomes bread; at the borders of the countryside stands the warrior, leaning on his sword, keeping watch.
Farmer and warrior - these are the soldiers for our daily bread.
This is how God made it - this is how it has been since eternity, and this is how it will be for eternity.

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[2] Detlev von Liliencron was a German poet and novelist.

Fasten your Helmets in the Wake of Battle!

Fasten your helmets after the wake of battle!
Remain on guard!
Do not waste a single hour
devoted to premature dreams—
know that the enemy still dares to hope
that you will fail!

Fasten your helmets after the wake of battle!
Remain on guard!
In these tepid, silent times
You should arm yourselves and prepare,
Until the bells from the high tower
Ring for the approaching storm!

Fasten your helmets after the wake of battle!
Remain on guard!
What you achieve are stages and steps -
But you are called to a higher goal:
Liberate Germany from the Belt to the Rhine!

Vow

“Unshakeable”

The Dead

The dead also stand in our ranks:
The one you murdered yesterday,
We did not carry him to his grave,
No!
The one you slew yesterday in the cowardly night
On the dark street,
Woke up
As the dawn of day began!

The face of that dead man
Is carried today by a hundred thousand soldiers!
And they will dish out his judgement...

We Remember the Dead

A heavy November day hangs over Germany - the summer sun has faded, autumn has begun, and behind it stands the relentless cruelty of winter.
Night falls on the German people! The bustling chatter of peace, freedom, and bread gives way to an awkward silence, and behind this silence lies the naked, raw fear of things to come. Nine years ago, the most social republic in the world was born; not, as is usually the case with young states, amid the din of battle, to the thunder of cannons, welcomed and cheered by a liberated people, but amid the shots fired by traitors who, for the sake of world peace, turned brother against brother, amidst the crackling of rifles fired by cowardly deserters, unhindered by a people who had sacrificed their best sons and now, tired and bloodied, let things take their course.
That's how it was! Yes, that's how it was! And today is the anniversary - for the ninth time, we celebrate the birthday of the republic; even the actual fathers of this so-called state can no longer find any real joy in their child, as they argue about paternity; they all unanimously refuse to be held responsible for the madness of November 9th, 1918, and are content to stand on the comfortable golden ground of reality.
A plundered, bloodied people, starving, freezing children, mothers who have long since forgotten how to cry, sons who clench their fists in impotent rage, and fathers consumed by dull resentment: this is the life of beauty and dignity of which you have spoken so often and so eloquently.

In the screeching dance of death of a ragged people, a fanfare sounds - drums beat in, dull and heavy.
Caps off! We remember the dead!
We remember the two million who lie in the graves of Flanders and Poland.
We remember the thousands upon thousands of soldiers whom the boundless ocean has laid to rest in an eternal, restless grave.
We remember all those who fell from the skies, who died in the holes in the ground, who prayed their last amen below the sea, and who perished in thirst and agony under the scorching heat of the tropical sun.
We remember the soldiers of the German Revolution and all those who laid down their thrice-sacred lives on the altar of the future for the restoration of the Fatherland.
We remember the martyrs for a different empire, who sealed their unshakeable faith with their heart's blood.
We remember the daredevil men who, in the hour of our people's greatest shame, knowingly ran into the enemy's gunfire and collapsed with the cry: Long live the Fatherland!
Albert Leo Schlageter! We salute you!
Lower the flags and kneel down - may God give you the strength to hate and defy!

Under fluttering banners, a new youth with bright foreheads marches toward a different tomorrow; at the forefront is the coming nobility of courage and bravery, marching toward victory or death. The die is cast for death - sixteen German workers and students, taken from the highest heights and the deepest depths of the people, chosen by God as symbols, are mowed down by the bullets of reaction from right and left and stain the pavement red with their blood for a better future. Do not hold back your tears! Tell them to command their hands to become clenched fists, and raise these fists, these working fists, high and swear by God and all that is holy to you:

We will not forget you!

Our thanks shall be revenge!
Our day will come!

We remember the dead whom fate takes from us every year as a pledge of our victory; the unknown brown soldier raises the flag with the black cross on bloody red and silently points the way of duty. Sacrifice and blood were always the driving forces behind the final triumph.

Comrades! One year has passed; a new year begins.
We remember the dead with pain and joy! Know this: fate has decreed that we must endure hardship and suffering unlike anything we have ever known; we will have to drink the cup of suffering to the dregs. Who knows: tomorrow it will be you, the day after tomorrow, me; the eternal judge, history, will take from our ranks those whom it needs for our glory, for our inspiration, for our will to act.
We do not mourn; we stand up and swear:
Retribution! Retribution! The day is dawning!
We salute you, our dead! Germany begins to shine anew in the dawn of your blood; we wrap the scarlet cloak of your devotion around these enslaved people, who even in their deepest misfortune have preserved their royal nobility in their best sons, in you.
Soldiers of the German Revolution! Fasten your helmets!
A fanfare sounds in the dance of death - drums beat in time, dull and heavy. It sounds and beats again from the air, and the army of the dead responds.
Let the marching rhythm of the brown battalions resound: To freedom! The army of the dead marches with you, storm soldiers, into a better future!

Forward Over the Graves!

For everyone who gives their young life as a pledge of freedom
A hundred will rise up in Germany
And stand firm by the flag.
Their blood acts as holy soil:
From their graves grows the strength to act,
Towards the great harvest festival!

We swear it at the fresh soil
That covers our brother:
You did not fall in vain—
Your death has awakened us!
The blood acts as holy soil:
From graves grows the strength to act,
Towards the great harvest festival!

The street roars with heavy footsteps,
Roars with the sound of fanfare,
And above, invisible,
The heroes from Valhalla march with us...
The blood acts as holy soil:
From graves grows the strength to act,
Towards the great harvest festival!

“For Every Dead Man, a Hundred New Fighters!”

Key Words

Our people have been forced into servitude, and the master race of the world must perform slave labor - from top to bottom, and from bottom to top.
The entire nation must take a stand against this - from top to bottom, and from bottom to top.
And this itself is the tragedy - between the top and the bottom stands a wall of conceit, wealth, and education.
We no longer understand each other; we are not one people, but two political camps that are bitterly at odds with each other; that is why we have become a plaything in the hands of the powers that rule the world.
Once the top and the bottom are one, the earth will belong to us.
But we will never achieve this through speeches and resolutions - a holy storm must sweep through us all.
We must start from scratch.
Some will take up the flag, the sword of hatred and love in their fists, and then clear the way, with the word in which the deed already rears up.
"Long live the republic!"
That's what they're shouting outside - what does the republic matter to us? Long live Germany! Long live its future!
We will one day have to answer before the judgment seat of history - the question will not be, “Did you defend the republic?” but “Where is the Reich? What did you leave Germany with?”

Homecoming

How weary are the hearts!
How pale the flags flutter!
A melancholy flicker
on the weary mother's lips...

We lay her last child
in the hall of her house
and say: we are your sons,
and your son is one of us!

The SA Marches

Almost outside the city - a car struggles through the evening traffic within the asphalt desert; dirt and excrement splash up onto the passersby. Slowly, it makes its way through the city, and then it has a clear shot - a fine, cold, gray rain falls from the starless sky.
Wedding - the red proletarian suburb of Berlin - Pharus Halls! Outside, there are thick walls of black people, echoing jeering, whistling, shouting, and threats. An SS man reports: “The hall is closed by the police.” Come in!
Smoke, jeering, the smell of beer and rotgut. Speeches? A fantastic attempt - it takes less than five minutes for the hall to echo with the crash of shattering chair legs, clattering glasses and bottles: a wild pandemonium. In six minutes, the red mob is swept out - the meeting continues.
Six seriously injured people lie on the stage; every ten minutes, they are carried out on wobbly stretchers. Small, modest people: workers and soldiers of the German revolution.
This is the origin of the “unknown SA man”.

People stand in loose groups in front of a suburban train station, while a train rolls into the platform. Singing and shouting can be heard, signals sound - suddenly, a shot. Then another - now a veritable barrage of gunfire erupts from the revolvers. Below, a man with a bleeding head rushes through the barrier. “We're under attack!” he cries, then collapses unconscious.
Then they are carried out. The wounded, the wounded! One shot in the stomach, one shot in the head; as the red highwaymen, escorted by the police, leave the station, the crowd can hardly be held back.
Lichterfelde-Ost - this is where the phrase “Think of us, SA Berlin!” originated.

The crowds are jammed together at the advertising pillars, where excited disputes brawl, for and against; some people walk on thoughtfully. Who knows how many disputes started small and ended up big. Why are they forbidden to speak? Is it just contempt, or also a little fear?
The silent letters on the posters scream: “Hail to the Kaiser!” Just a few sentences, but people stop, read, read again and again, shake their heads and leave. Others come and go, making room for more. For the first time in Berlin, a name is heard: “Parker Gilbert, Kaiser of the Republic.” What is truth, what is lies?
In the evening, the crowds gather in two large halls; lucky are those who got a seat - more stand outside than sit inside. At midnight, a black train moves through the quiet, dark streets.
Hatred on their lips, revenge in their fists - thousands and thousands march on. The guard at the police headquarters looks astonished; he has little time for that. “You must protect Isidor!” Already the crowd is flooding over him. Dark, threatening, and formless, it stands in front of this stone box.
Then a whistle, a shout—and without command, an outburst of hatred and indignation from thousands of voices!
Here the words were born: “The banner stands!”

Not dead, despite the ban! They had to learn this and were taken aback what its sharp point had begun to turn against themselves; like a dam bursting, the new German consciousness poured into the big city - the awakening began.
Thousands made their confession; it was a captivating expression of will, uncontrived and genuine, springing from the deepest wells of the national German soul.

During the night, they beat him to death and threw his still bleeding body into the canal; the next morning, the compassionate waves carried him ashore.
We stood at his grave; like thieves and robbers, we had to sneak together to pay our last respects. One stepped up to the open tomb, the flag clutched in his trembling fist, and shouted his anger and his desire for revenge to his dead comrade in his dark, cold, narrow dwelling - then we all went home in silence.
This is where the saying originated:
“He was our comrade - we will not forget!”

Somewhere, one of them lies in a state of infirmity; they cracked his skull in the halls of Pharus - he lost consciousness, and soon, his mind. Good hands cherish and care for him; he can no longer walk and can barely speak. When he hears a familiar voice, a crazy smile haunts his decayed features, as if he vaguely and dimly remembers: “I was once there too.” When your strength leaves you and your will wants to surrender, you go to your ailing comrade, give him your hand, and learn to hate again.
The others march, march; accompanied by ringing music and booming drum rolls, they carry their red flags of freedom, hands on their belts, heads held high, upright and brave - this is how they do their duty, by obeying a law that prescribes eternal bloodshed. Soldiers of the new dawn - they live valiantly, fight bravely, and, if necessary, go to their deaths laughing.
Once a year, the day comes when they remember their dead comrades; then they tie mourning ribbons around their bright flags, and lay green wreaths of faith and hope on the lonely graves. They take off their caps and raise their hands to swear an oath - they do not say what they swear to, but everyone knows.
The trumpets blare, and in unison they march back into life - the great, shining life, into what they want to master and win by putting it on the line:
The SA marches on!
Raise the flag!

A Testament

I solemnly renounce these opinions and sentiments with which we adorn ourselves, as if it sprang from pure feelings for the good of all, or was one with it.

I renounce:

The reckless hope of salvation by the hand of chance;
The dull expectation of a future that a simple mind refuses to recognize;
The childish hope of appeasing the wrath of a tyrant through voluntary disarmament, of winning his trust through low servility and flattery;
The false resignation of an oppressed intellect;
The unreasonable distrust of the powers given to us by God;
The sinful forgetfulness of all duties for the common good;
And the shameless sacrifice of all honor of the state and the people, of all personal and human dignity.

I believe and confess that a people has nothing to hold in higher esteem than the dignity and freedom of its existence;
That it must defend these with its last drop of blood;
That it has no more sacred duty to fulfill, and no higher law to obey;
That the stain of cowardly submission can never be erased;
That this poison passes into the blood of a people, and is passed on to their descendants, crippling and undermining the strength of future generations;
That honor can only be lost once;
That the honor of the sovereign and the government is one with the honor of the people, and the only safeguard of their welfare;
That a people is invincible in most circumstances in the magnanimous struggle for its freedom, and that even the downfall of this freedom, after a bloody and honorable struggle, ensures the rebirth of the people, and is the core of life from which a new tree will one day take root.

I declare and affirm to the world and posterity that I consider the false prudence that seeks to evade danger to be the most pernicious thing that fear and anxiety can instill, and that I would consider the wildest despair to be wiser if we were only utterly unable to act with manly courage, i.e., with calm but firm determination, and clear awareness of the danger;
That I do not forget the warnings of old and new times, the wise teachings of entire centuries, the noble examples of great peoples in the frenzy of fear of our days, and that I do not sacrifice world history for the pages of a mendacious newspaper;
And that I feel free of all selfishness, that I may confess every thought and every feeling within me to all my fellow citizens with an open mind, that I would feel only too happy to find a glorious death one day in the magnificent struggle for the freedom and dignity of my fatherland!

Does this belief in me and in those who share my views deserve the contempt and scorn of our fellow citizens?
Let posterity decide!

I lay this light sheet of paper on the sacred altar of history, in the firm belief that when the storm of time blows it away, a worthy priest of this temple will one day carefully pick it up and bind it into the annals of the eventful life of nations; only then will posterity judge and exempt from condemnation those who courageously resisted the tide of corruption, and faithfully kept the sense of duty in their hearts like a deity.

“The Future is Ours!”

To the Unknown SA Man

Unknown,
Unnamed
Brother in the brown shirt, I salute you!
When you fought,
When you suffered,
It was for all of us, and it was also for me!

Faithful to your orders,
Your soul ablaze,
You broke through the enemy front;
And your gaze
Was filled with happiness
And the victorious, living faith of the sun.

In memory of you,
A sacred legacy,
Your memory reminds us, long after you have passed away.
Shimmering like fire:
And blazing in our hearts,
You, unknown SA man, you!